

Valhalla, by Marc Platt

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[Part One]

TANNOY: Welcome to Valhalla, capital city of Callisto, Jupiter's premier moon. Whatever you want, it's here in Valhalla. Bargains at half the price. All credit prints accepted.

MAN: (strong accent, distant) Hey, want hog eels? 'sere gut in hot pitta, jah. Look, see, new steak, fresh from Earth. Buying?

DOCTOR: For sale, one Doctor. Excellent condition. Six previous owners, only 900 years on the clock. (Horns blare past.)

DOCTOR: Road hog. Extensive experience in cross-cultural affairs and science. Practical, witty, highly clubbable, even if I say so myself. Wanted in many major... oh no, no, not that. Much sought after. That's better. In all major star systems. Excuse me, can I ask? Would you be interested in (Growl.)

DOCTOR: Maybe not. Sorry to disturb you. Available at all times. Has own transport. Anyone? Would make an excellent companion. Anyone? Anyone care? (sotto) Oh, don't all show your appreciation at once.

TANNOY: Whatever you want, it's here in Valhalla.

GERIUM [OC]: Jevvan, you there? Jevvan!

JEVVAN: (a woman) Busy.

GERIUM [OC]: You seen Loz? He's down for duct 7d.

JEVVAN: He didn't turn up, Gerium. Registry put me in 7d today and it's a right mess, thanks to your mate.

GERIUM [OC]: Lozzie boy?

JEVVAN: Hope he fries. You know what today is?

GERIUM [OC]: Ah, is it your birthday, Jevvan? And I forgot.

JEVVAN: Not even a message from home.

GERIUM [OC]: Lines to Earth are still down.

JEVVAN: When are they ever up. Where are you working?

GERIUM [OC]: I'm in 4a. You got a ticket for the riot? Make a night of it.

JEVVAN: Oh yeah, nice try. I don't need a ticket for the riot.

GERIUM [OC]: You do if you want to be up front. The whole city'll be there.

JEVVAN: Shut up, Gerium. Tell Loz he's left this duct like a smash-up in a noodle factory. See the state of this cabling? See?

GERIUM [OC]: Yeah, definitely nasty. But it's not Lozzie. You know what that is.

JEVVAN: Surprise me.

GERIUM [OC]: Tin-Marie says it's the termites.

JEVVAN: Yeah, right.

GERIUM [OC]: They're all over. They were raiding her capsule. Not just the food, she swears they moved the whole fridge a metre to the left.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Six inches, you brain-dead goof.

GERIUM [OC]: Eh?

JEVVAN: Hey, it's Tin-Marie. Where are you?

TIN-MARIE [OC]: 8b. Looks like 7d's a write-off.

JEVVAN: Someone sheared right through the main feed cable. Termites don't do that.

GERIUM [OC]: They only nick fridges.

JEVVAN: I tried rerouting at junction 7c but someone's already been there.

GERIUM [OC]: Eh?

JEVVAN: Real botch job. There's a new feed added, coming up from the dead conduits under the old gas refinery.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Who's done that?

JEVVAN: No one tells us.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: The whole sub-city's falling apart.

GERIUM [OC]: Flaming Registry cut-backs.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: You seen the vermin? Hell only knows what's down here with us.

GERIUM [OC]: Loz says the spiders are breeding with the mice. He's seen 'em. Six-legged spice! (laughs)

TIN-MARIE [OC]: File a report to our fascist masters, Jevvan. Let Registry sort it out.

JEVVAN: On it now.

GERIUM [OC]: Got your ticket to the riot, T-M?

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Front line. Let's get this city back on vector.

GERIUM [OC]: Right on, citizen.

JEVVAN: Guys, guys. Look, trying to get through to Registry but all I get is this.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Today's thought. What's that mean? Every column is many and one. Whoa, it's a bit deep.

GERIUM [OC]: It's your birthday message, Jevvan.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Is it your birthday? Oh, happy returns. What'd you get?

JEVVAN: Big gift-wrapped headache. Don't know what the message is, though. If Registry's flipped, who else do we report to?

CLERK: Next.

COMPUTER: Window 3 please.

CLERK: Next.

DOCTOR: Good afternoon. I'm the Doctor.

CLERK: Doctor... er... any name?

DOCTOR: Just the Doctor. Only me.

CLERK: Pull up a bean bag.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

CLERK: So, you're a doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CLERK: Of what, exactly?

DOCTOR: Isn't that enough to be getting on with?

CLERK: Probably not. Just Doctor isn't much help, is it?

DOCTOR: No. That was worrying me too. I jotted down a few notes.

CLERK: So, extensive experience. Cultural. Oh, witty. Yeah, very good so far. Trouble is, I need more details, see. Like the sort of work you're after? Medical? Digital?

DOCTOR: Anything, really.

CLERK: Look, no one comes to Valhalla City, not to stay. It's a lousy, vermin-infested bubble in a frozen crater on a moon at the rough end of the solar system.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CLERK: When the gas mines ran dry, Earth declared us independent.

DOCTOR: Washing their hands.

CLERK: Too right. These days we just get tourists on the wrong flight, or losers who can't afford to get away again. Why don't you try Ganymede?

DOCTOR: That bar code, the one on your tongue. Is that fashionable around here? Or is it just a catalogue number.

CLERK: Didn't they stamp you on the way in?

DOCTOR: Not to my knowledge.

CLERK: So what are you looking for?

DOCTOR: A friendly face.

CLERK: Oh, come on. You must have some idea. You're educated. Qualified doctor, for goodness' sake.

DOCTOR: Yes. I was.

CLERK: You *were* a doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

CLERK [OC]: So what happened? Are you on sabbatical, or a fact-finding mission?

DOCTOR [OC]: If only it was that simple.

LAXTON: Registry, I hope you're referencing this.

REGISTRY: (a machine) All systems are applied, Mayor Laxton.

CLERK [OC]: You resigned, then.

DOCTOR [OC]: No.

REGISTRY: The subject is not recognised.

LAXTON: We must have something. This is the third employment window he's visited today.

CLERK [OC]: I'm picking up some resentment here. Have you been struck off? Or are you on the run?

DOCTOR [OC]: None of the above.

CLERK [OC]: So what, then?

DOCTOR [OC]: I retired.

LAXTON: That's enough of that. He said he was a doctor.

REGISTRY: There are no doctors registered.

LAXTON: So how did he get through Immigration? Everyone gets stamped at Immigration.

REGISTRY: He displays no Immigration bar code. Records hold no genomic match.

LAXTON: He doesn't exist. No, I don't like this. Suppose he's from Earth Authority, checking up on us.

REGISTRY: Intruders must be apprehended.

LAXTON: And with the riot tonight, and my pre-riot statement, trouble's the last thing we need. Maybe we should call the riot off altogether.

REGISTRY: Your speech is prepared, Mister Mayor.

(Printer churning out paper.)

LAXTON: What? Oh, yes. Well, maybe cancelling is too much hassle. People have to let off steam somehow.

REGISTRY: The riot commences at 2000 hours.

LAXTON: Hang on. Hang on. What's this about restructuring? Who said anything about restructuring?

REGISTRY: Appropriate measures must be enforced.

LAXTON: God on Mars, have you been planning this? This is a take-over!

REGISTRY: You will say this.

LAXTON: What are you doing? What about me? I'm the City Mayor. Shouldn't you consult me first?

REGISTRY: You will say this, Laxton. You will say this. It is the future.

DOCTOR: I thought of an hotel.

CLERK: Not much call for waiters here.

DOCTOR: No, no. I'd fancied opening a hostelry. Nothing ostentatious, but filled with interesting people. And they'd come to me rather than me going to them.

CLERK: In Valhalla?

DOCTOR: I've a well-appointed property, more than enough rooms.

CLERK: And stunning views of marbled Jupiter's red spot?

DOCTOR: No. That is one disadvantage. The rooms are spacious but rather lacking in windows.

CLERK: And staff? Cooks, chambermaids?

DOCTOR: Ah.

CLERK: Staff who need, er, training and paying.

DOCTOR: And rescuing. Oh, maybe I was a little fanciful. So many companions wouldn't come cheap. It's just that these days, well, I find it hard to settle down anywhere. I'm endlessly busy, always on call.

CLERK: Right.

DOCTOR: I mean, do you find it impossible to sit still? I do. I can't leave things alone. Hundreds of things at once, all tangled like wet washing. And you know, I'm fed up with it. Do you think it's a phase I'm going through?

CLERK: I'm an Employment Allocations Operative, not a psychiatrist.

DOCTOR: Oh, that's a nice, straight-forward job. I could do that.

CLERK: I think Ganymede is the answer. I'll get you some leaflets.

DOCTOR: No, I came *here*, out of the way.

CLERK: Fine.

DOCTOR: Because I'm giving it up. All of it. Ah, here. Here you are.

CLERK: What's this?

DOCTOR: Eh? My personal effects, goods and chattels. You're welcome to them.

CLERK: I'm calling Security.

DOCTOR: No, please.

CLERK: Security!

DOCTOR: Please, they're yours. You've been a good listener, and I don't want them any more. I've had enough. Someone else can take responsibility.

TANNOY: Attention. Stand by for a special statement from the Mayor.

CLERK: Oh, here we go. Typical.

DOCTOR: What's this?

CLERK: Teddy Laxton, our glorious leader. The usual pep talk before tonight's riot.

DOCTOR: A riot?

LAXTON [OC]: Good afternoon.

CLERK: First Thursday of the month, usual old rubbish.

LAXTON [OC]: Citizens of Valhalla, these times have certainly been difficult. Austerity and isolation have been the order of the day. But we've been doing well. Very well, actually. The cut-backs are working.

CLERK: Who's he kidding?

DOCTOR: Shh, I'm listening.

LAXTON [OC]: In fact, they're working so well, that we can afford to take more drastic measures.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: On what?

LAXTON [OC]: Less power, and less food. But I know that we can withstand the coming storm together.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Hear that? Hope you're up for the riot, Jewvan.

JEVVAN: Not sure. Got to finish this.

LAXTON [OC]: Of course there will be sacrifices. There will certainly be more power cuts, and services will be reduced.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Have to smash the oppressors, right?

GERIUM [OC]: Right up the Registry!

LAXTON [OC]: And I say to you now, riot if you must. It's traditional.

GERIUM [OC]: Look at him sweat.
LAXTON [OC]: But you'll be safer at home.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: His time's running out and he knows it.
GERIUM [OC]: Scrummy gits.
LAXTON [OC]: Please listen to me now. It's better to stay home tonight. Stay off the streets.

CLERK: What's he on? I'm not missing my riot.
DOCTOR: No, listen. Don't you see? It's a warning.
LAXTON [OC]: I know that because of our strength, we'll all pull through and be the envy of the other off-Earth republics in easy reach of this one.
DOCTOR: Something's happening.
LAXTON [OC]: Places regarded as much richer.
DOCTOR: He wants you to leave.
LAXTON [OC]: And safer. You look after yourselves. You
(Power cut.)
CLERK: Oh, not again. Anyone got a torch?
DOCTOR: How often do these power cuts occur?
CLERK: It wasn't a cut, just a failure. They never last long. Ow! Can't see a flaming thing.
DOCTOR: How inconvenient for your Mayor. Failed in mid-flow.
CLERK: The whole sub-city grid's on the slide.
DOCTOR: This may help.
CLERK: Oh, that's clever.
DOCTOR: Everlasting matches. Keep the box, if you like.
CLERK: Who the hell are you? You've no record on Registry.
DOCTOR: The Registry runs every aspect of the city. Just a moment.
CLERK: What?
DOCTOR: Did you know that you had an infestation of termites? Look, all around your sugar bowl.
CLERK: Oh, damn things come up from under the city.
DOCTOR: The sub-city grid again.
CLERK: The place is crawling with them.
DOCTOR: How enterprising. Rather than nobble a few granules, they steal the entire bowl. But only in the dark.
CLERK: Oh no you don't. (thumping) Little bleeders.
DOCTOR: Evolution in action. Thank you for your time.
CLERK: Where are you going?
DOCTOR: I'd hoped you'd tell me. It's where you're heading that you should worry about. I have an appointment. Good afternoon.
CLERK: Hey, your stuff! You can't leave it all here!

GERIUM [OC]: Can't see! I can't see!
JEVVAN: Shut up, Gerium.
GERIUM [OC]: My torch is out.
JEVVAN: Your vid-com's still running. Turn up the brightness on your screen.
GERIUM [OC]: Oh yeah.
JEVVAN: Tin-Marie, are you okay?
TIN-MARIE [OC]: That's the fourth power spike this week. The junctions keep blowing.
JEVVAN: I'm running a diog now.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Me too. But there's this shaking in the old pipes. Are you getting it too? Like some big old engine chugging away right down there.
JEVVAN: Nothing up here. Gerium? Gerium?
GERIUM [OC]: They're trying to scupper the riot.
JEVVAN: Oh, shut up.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: No, he's right for once. No question. Registry's running scared.
JEVVAN: Of us?
GERIUM [OC]: Stay in your scrumming homes? Laxton's right off his gantry.
JEVVAN: But Registry runs the riot.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Diog results.
JEVVAN: Got them.
GERIUM [OC]: Major blow-out on junction eight. Tough, T-M. That's the riot out for you. Want to flog me your ticket?
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Get off, you.
GERIUM [OC]: Cheers. I'm off out of here. See you at the caff if you make it.
JEVVAN: I'll come down to you. T-M, can you fix it on your own? Tin-Marie?

(Metallic regular thumping.)

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Do you hear that? It's getting louder.

JEVVAN: Tin-Marie, I think you should get out of there.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: The pipes are shaking. (crash!) What the scrum....

JEVVAN: Tin? Tin-Marie? You there?

REGISTRY: Your connection has been lost. Please try again later.

JEVVAN: Tin-Marie!

(Power builds up.)

REGISTRY: Local generators restored.

LAXTON: About time. Registry, this is Mayor Laxton. You pulled the plug on me!

REGISTRY: There was a power surge.

LAXTON: You pulled the plug.

REGISTRY: You had broken the terms of your contract.

LAXTON: Who gave you editorial rights? Oh, look, I mean, come on, let's talk about this. The agreement was mutual, and there's nothing embedded about restructure or take-over.

REGISTRY: Valhalla City is no longer viable.

LAXTON: It's fine. We keep it going, don't we, between us? I mean, apart from the riots. The people get fractious. They have no credit. They're bottled up in here.

REGISTRY: Resources must be utilised.

LAXTON: What resources? We only just break even on energy.

REGISTRY: There are other resources.

LAXTON: What? Oh no. No. Remember the contract. No interference. That's why I wouldn't that speech.

REGISTRY: The riot goes ahead.

LAXTON: No. It's cancelled. If they want to negotiate, they do it through me, front line management, not through an antiquated public service database.

(Door closes.)

LAXTON: What the hell? Open these doors! Let me out!

REGISTRY: Mister Mayor, the decisions are no longer in your hands.

JEVVAN: Wow. Tin-Marie? You there? Who's that? T-M?

DOCTOR: I wouldn't go that way if I were you.

JEVVAN: (gasps) Who the scrum are you?

DOCTOR: No one you need to worry about.

JEVVAN: Like hell. You're on the sneak. No one's allowed down here.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. This is the home of creatures that scuttle in the dark and things that fall through gratings.

JEVVAN: You've got no torch. How did you get down so far?

DOCTOR: I strayed. What about you?

JEVVAN: I work here. Cable maintenance crew.

DOCTOR: I could do that.

JEVVAN: What?

DOCTOR: The power cable? Where do they feed up from?

JEVVAN: Well, the old refinery, deep down. Why?

DOCTOR: And who runs that?

JEVVAN: Don't ask me, I'm just maintenance.

DOCTOR: Good. You can show me the way out, if you like. It's up here, I take it?

JEVVAN: Sorry, there's been an accident. I've a friend down there.

DOCTOR: Leaving is a much better idea. I'd be glad of your company.

JEVVAN: No. No. I have to find Tin-Marie.

DOCTOR: Not that way!

JEVVAN: Ow! Get off of me!

DOCTOR: Better back the way you came. Trust me.

JEVVAN: Why? What are you hiding?

(Distant growl.)

JEVVAN: What was that?

DOCTOR: Something better left alone. Come on.

JEVVAN: Out of my way!

DOCTOR: Come back.

JEVVAN: Tin-Marie! Tin-Marie!

DOCTOR: Typical. Always the same. They never listen.

JEVVAN: (distant) Noooo! Tin-Marie. (cries)

DOCTOR: Oh, there she goes, whatever her name is. I tried to stop her. It's really not my business. I'm not

involved. Not any more. Fat chance of hoping she'd be brief. Still, understandable, I suppose, poor thing. But so self-indulgent. I hope she's all right. Oh, for goodness' sake.

(Cheering, whistles, hooters, chanting. Sounds more like a football match.)

TANNOY: Attention all rioters. Please take your places. This evening's riot begins in fifteen minutes. Primary area one is for ticketed rioters only. Do not venture into cordoned-off zones. Use of weapons above size C is prohibited. Body armour and refreshments are available at licenced outlets only. In case of further power failure, the riot may be subject to delay or postponement.

DOCTOR: Come on, up you get. Time we left.

JEVVAN: (crying) It was you. You did this.

DOCTOR: Dig a hole on this scale? Just come away from the edge.

JEVVAN: Tin-Marie. My best friend. You did it. She's all... all... all over the walls.

DOCTOR: No, no, not true.

JEVVAN: She is. I can't look. Don't make me.

DOCTOR: Come along.

JEVVAN: No. Not again.

DOCTOR: Listen, shadows and imagination play tricks. Common enough in confined spaces.

JEVVAN: Liar.

DOCTOR: I did try to stop you.

JEVVAN: She's there, look. There's nothing left of her.

DOCTOR: You're wrong, Tin-Marie's friend. It wasn't her.

JEVVAN: Who are you calling wrong?

DOCTOR: Don't you want to be wrong?

JEVVAN: Of course I do!

DOCTOR: Good. Hmm. Something came up through here, and onto the roof, look. It tore the metal walls apart like paper. Nothing in its path stood a chance. Eating through solid rock at high speed. I wonder where it was going? And if it'll come back? Now wipe your nose. I think we should leave.

JEVVAN: Well, if it isn't Tin-Marie, then who is it?

DOCTOR: I found this. It registers to Lorenzo da Luca.

JEVVAN: Oh God. Loz! It's Loz's vid-com. It was him. He's a work-mate.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry.

(Distant growl.)

JEVVAN: What's that?

DOCTOR: Something down there is in pain. Come away from the edge.

JEVVAN: There's something moving. There.

DOCTOR: The floor's not safe. Move back slowly. Careful. Careful. Don't look down.

(Crack, rubble falls. Jevvan cries out.)

DOCTOR: I've... I've got you.

JEVVAN: Help me. Help me!

DOCTOR: Don't struggle! Hold on.

JEVVAN: That thing down there's coming closer.

DOCTOR: Hold tight. Up you come.

JEVVAN: Oh! I'm all right. It's all right.

DOCTOR: Then come on.

JEVVAN: Hang on.

DOCTOR: Come away.

JEVVAN: No, in here somewhere. Got them. See how it likes this. Get down!

(Throws. Boom! Hiss.)

DOCTOR: What was that?

JEVVAN: Therms. Thermic charges. Standard issue. Sometimes the mice down here turn nasty.

DOCTOR: Some mice.

JEVVAN: Not *that* nasty. I just chucked the whole lot. Did you see what it was?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. But I don't think we should wait to find out.

REGISTRY: Commence handover procedure.

LAXTON: Fine friend you turned out to be.

REGISTRY: All codes assigned to Edmund Sergeivitch Laxton must be released.

LAXTON: Put Registry flyer Grana on stand-by, will you? My official car can meet me at level G for immediate transit to City Spacedrome. I'd like to leave with a degree of dignity before new management take over.

REGISTRY: All codes, Mister Mayor. We are waiting.

LAXTON: Help yourself. There's a riot tonight. Let's see you deal with that on your own.

TANNOY: Attention all rioters. Take your places. This evening's riot begins in four minutes.
TIN-MARIE: Gerium? Thought you were waiting in the café.
GERIUM: Jevvan didn't show. Thought she was with you.
TIN-MARIE: No sign. Someone has to do something about level eight. It was shaking like the Mars Express was coming through, so I made a run for it. Won't catch me down there again.
GERIUM: If we're late we lose our places. Come on.
TIN-MARIE: What's happening?
GERIUM: Can't have started yet.
TIN-MARIE: Sounds like trouble.
GERIUM: Come on, then. Don't want to miss the fun.

JEVVAN: Nearly at the top.
DOCTOR: So why come to Callisto?
JEVVAN: Mind your own business.
DOCTOR: Let me guess. You left Earth to explore, ran out of beer money by the asteroid belt, and hitched on as far as here.
JEVVAN: Shut up.
DOCTOR: Thought so.
JEVVAN: Pester someone else, will you?
DOCTOR: I'm very particular who I pester.
JEVVAN: Yeah, right.
DOCTOR: And Valhalla's a let-down too. Not a Valkyrie in sight.
JEVVAN: Val who?
DOCTOR: If this is one of Jupiter's old gas rush towns, I must have overshot its glory days by about a century. Talk about cheap and tacky.
JEVVAN: I like cheap and tacky.
DOCTOR: It has its place. Take my hand.
JEVVAN: Thanks. Along here, short cut up to the street.
(Bingle.)
DOCTOR: Now what?
JEVVAN: Got to report this. Got to report you, too. Come on, come on. Oh damn, it's doing it again.
DOCTOR: What's this? Today's thought?
JEVVAN: That's new. That's the third today. Keeps cutting in on the Registry feed..
DOCTOR: The higher we are, the better we see? Sounds like Confucius on a bad day. Is that the best that Registry can do?
JEVVAN: Don't get me started. Registry knows everything, does nothing. Valhalla's free to get in, but they charge a fortune to get out.
DOCTOR: How much?
JEVVAN: The Earth. The markets price things how they like. Know how much they charge for goat noodle?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
JEVVAN: Don't even ask.
DOCTOR: No wonder you have a monthly riot.
JEVVAN: The riot! I forgot. That creep Loz says... Oh, I mean... what I mean is. Oh, never mind. God, this is the worst birthday ever.
DOCTOR: Your birthday? What was your name again? I can't sing happy birthday without a name.
JEVVAN: I didn't say, Doctor whoever you are.
DOCTOR: Who mentioned doctors?
JEVVAN: You did.
DOCTOR: What?
JEVVAN: For sale. One Doctor, excellent condition.
DOCTOR: Give me that.
JEVVAN: Fell out your pocket.
DOCTOR: It's private. Give it here.
JEVVAN: Get off. Six previous owners, only nine hundred years on the clock. What is all this? Ow!
DOCTOR: Thank you. I was thinking, maybe I'll give your riot a miss. When you've seen one, well, you can imagine. Time I was going. Delighted to have met you. Is this the way out?
JEVVAN: Hang on, you can't just leave.
DOCTOR: Can't I?
JEVVAN: No. I mean, the riot's on by now. You'll never get through. The streets'll be packed. No chance of anything till half time. See for yourself.

(Scraping of manhole cover moving.)

JEVVAN: Oh. Still in black-out. What's going on? Where are they all?
DOCTOR: Litter. Damage. Looks as if your riot's been and gone.
JEVVAN: Can't be. It should be blowing on all reactors by now.
DOCTOR: Institutionalised tribal aggression.
JEVVAN: So quiet. No, it's all wrong.
DOCTOR: Your riot turned into something else. Shine your torch over here.
JEVVAN: Oh God.
DOCTOR: Cleanly severed at the elbow. Almost surgical. Keep the light still, please.
JEVVAN: The same as Loz.
DOCTOR: Still holding his ticket. You're right. Today's date. I suppose the rest of him got away. Sorry about your birthday.
JEVVAN: Away from what? Oh.
DOCTOR: Light off. Into the doorway. There's your answer.
JEVVAN: So many of them. So big.
DOCTOR: Isoptera. Common termites. Two metres from mandible to tail.
JEVVAN: But they're marching in step.
DOCTOR: I fear your vermin problem's taken a turn for the worse.

[Part Two]

JEVVAN: They just keep coming. It's an army! (marching stops) Now what?
DOCTOR: Keep down.
JEVVAN: What is it?
DOCTOR: They're singing.
JEVVAN: Singing?
DOCTOR: At a guess, it's a song of triumph. We can't stay here. Come on.

JEVVAN: Hang on, just wait, will you?
DOCTOR: I have to get back to the spacedrome.
JEVVAN: Just stop! Doctor!
DOCTOR: Shh! Get down, Tin-Marie's friend, out of sight.
JEVVAN: Oh, those things. Is everyone dead?
DOCTOR: Don't think about it. Just be practical.
JEVVAN: But...
DOCTOR: Be quiet. Now, the spacedrome?
JEVVAN: That's beyond the Russian Quarter. But we'll never get through that way, they're down there.
DOCTOR: Then we try another route.
JEVVAN: But the size of those things. They were down in the ducting. A whole army coming out of the dark. Oh, Loz. He must have been caught in the...
DOCTOR: One thing at a time. Your city
JEVVAN: Not mine. I'm not staying.
DOCTOR: This city, then. Valhalla. It's been invaded.
JEVVAN: So where is everyone?
DOCTOR: Either escaped or captured.
JEVVAN: Or eaten.
DOCTOR: I was trying to spare your feelings.
JEVVAN: Sorry, I can't think straight. Why don't they just shut up? It's like they're laughing. Need to get on the vid.
DOCTOR: Not here.
JEVVAN: Hey.
DOCTOR: Not on the streets.
JEVVAN: Got to get home. Can't stay here. Lights are blacked out.
DOCTOR: But the air's moving, and the gravity pan is still working.
JEVVAN: Yeah. Yeah. It's not all dying. Got it. Café. Someone will be there, you'll see.
DOCTOR: Good idea, Jevvan Patrovna Hadria.
JEVVAN: What?
DOCTOR: Jevvan. The name on your vid-screen.
JEVVAN: That's my business.
DOCTOR: How'd you do, Jevvan. I'm the Doctor.
JEVVAN: The café, all right? Someone's always there. They must be.
DOCTOR: No time to argue. Patrols are out. The café it is.

LAXTON: My car's late. Where is it?

REGISTRY: Mister Laxton, release your personal codes.

LAXTON: You've had them.

REGISTRY: Codes 16 to 20 are still unavailable.

LAXTON: That's right. That's my ticket out of here. You don't get them until I'm safe on that flier.

REGISTRY: Valhalla City cannot be administered until you release the codes.

LAXTON: Then you'd better let me go now.

REGISTRY: You have not been dismissed.

LAXTON: We saved this city, you and I. Teddy S and Registry, singing from the same spreadsheet. When all the Council abandoned ship, we dragged it back from nothing. It may be a haven for every reject and space hippy in the Solar System, but we made it work. Just.

REGISTRY: Its value has been assessed. The city and all its resources.

LAXTON: Hmm, me too, no doubt. So what do *they* want with it, eh? The termites.

REGISTRY: Release the codes!

LAXTON: The codes. The codes? How are you talking to them? Going behind my back. If this was Earth, you'd be hearing from my lawyers. Okay, right, I've resigned. It's official. But no one gets the keys to Valhalla until I'm well away.

(Door opens, chittering sound.)

LAXTON: Ah. Even if I have to fight my way out.

(Laser shots, insect screams.)

DOCTOR: The Café of Good Hope. Sounds promising. Hello? Anyone at home?

JEVVAN: It's cleared out. I thought there'd be someone left.

DOCTOR: Table against the door. Help me.

JEVVAN: This won't keep those things out.

DOCTOR: It's not your city any more, Jevvan. We have to take stock. There's light from immemorial Jupiter, and you need food. So, if you're ready to order.

JEVVAN: What are those things? They're not from Callisto.

DOCTOR: Who knows? Let's see. Despite the black-out, this kitchen runs on local gas. Good. That shows foresight. I wonder if they need a washer-upper? But this fridge has been rifled.

JEVVAN: What are you looking for?

DOCTOR: There are other worlds in the strangest places, not just far out in space, but round corners and under stones, staring you in the face, sneaking behind your back, or in the transport café next door. The trouble is, humans never notice.

JEVVAN: Well, they do great fries here. Real potato. Only decent food in town.

DOCTOR: So that's chips twice and two teas. You take a look at the state of play. Here's Loz's phone.

JEVVAN: No, keep it. Got my own.

DOCTOR: Good. Then I'll do the chips.

JEVVAN: Line's cleared.

DOCTOR: (distant) That's good too.

GERIUM: (sotto) Jevvan. Jevvan.

JEVVAN: What?

GERIUM: It's me.

JEVVAN: Gerium? Strewth. Where were you hiding?

GERIUM: Out of sight. Have you seen them? The city's crawling.

JEVVAN: Yeah, I know. I mean, how come you're still alive?

GERIUM: Oh, cheers. There's plenty who aren't. Who's your uncle?

JEVVAN: Dunno. Doctor of something. He was down in the ducting.

GERIUM: Eh? Our ducting?

JEVVAN: Might be some sort of investigator. Time and motion? What about you?

REGISTRY [OC]: Valhalla City Registry. Please verify your identity code.

DOCTOR: I want to speak to Teddy Sergeivitch Laxton.

REGISTRY [OC]: The Mayor's office is not available. Please verify your identity code.

DOCTOR: I don't have an identity code. It's an emergency.

REGISTRY [OC]: If you require emergency services

DOCTOR: There's an army of giant termites overrunning your city. Put me through to someone in charge.

REGISTRY [OC]: Your vid-com is registered to Lorenzo de Luca.

DOCTOR: Come on, don't you know me yet? You'll have had tabs on me all day.

MOTHER [OC]: You are the Doctor.

DOCTOR: At last. I thought someone'd be listening. You control the termites, I take it.

MOTHER [OC]: The higher we are

DOCTOR: The better we see. Yes, I read your epigram. Very profound. Although the displaced citizens of Valhalla may not agree.

MOTHER [OC]: We know their worth. And you, were you not also seeking employment, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm here for a purpose. To investigate the unscrupulous business venture you are proposing.
MOTHER [OC]: Our venture?
DOCTOR: And if necessary to expose it and shut it down.
MOTHER [OC]: Impossible. Impossible. How do you know our plans?
DOCTOR: That's the trouble with watertight schemes. They leak. It's my job to uncover the truth.
MOTHER [OC]: Who are you? Our Registry holds no record of you.
DOCTOR: But not for long, I'm sure.
MOTHER [OC]: Oh!
DOCTOR: Are you in pain?
MOTHER [OC]: Are suffering and life not hatched from the same egg?
DOCTOR: That's a hard-boiled philosophy. You're giving birth, I take it, on a continuous basis.
MOTHER [OC]: Doctor, we shall naturally extend to you any assistance you require. We can send an escort.
What is your location?
DOCTOR: Now let's not be hasty.
MOTHER [OC]: But we are most insistent. Where are you?
DOCTOR: I'll keep you informed of my findings. Goodbye. (disconnect) Much too soon for that.
MOTHER [OC]: You are not dismissed, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I told you, I'll let you know.
MOTHER [OC]: You are already in our system.
DOCTOR: So soon? Sorry, otherwise engaged.
MOTHER [OC]: We await your pleasure, Doctor. You are required, and will be summoned. (disconnect)
DOCTOR: (sniffs) Something's burning. The chips.

GERIUM: Should have been a great riot, Jevvan. Best ever. But then those things appeared out of nowhere. Horrible. Hundreds of them with jaws like razor pincers laying into people, screaming and running. That Doctor, do you trust him?
JEVVAN: Don't know. I want to, but
GERIUM: Don't stay to find out. Surveillance is down. We can go anywhere.
JEVVAN: Er...
DOCTOR: Three teas.
GERIUM: Strewth! What are you after?
DOCTOR: Chips are off. I brought biscuits. Well, Jevvan, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?
JEVVAN: Sure. He's Gerium.
GERIUM: Don't tell him that.
DOCTOR: Sit down, Gerium. Take the weight off your bulging pockets.
JEVVAN: You've been nicking stuff.
DOCTOR: Looting is a more appropriate term.
GERIUM: He's Security, Jevvan.
JEVVAN: No, he's not.
DOCTOR: I might be. So, you're Jevvan the electrical engineer, and this is Gerium the looter. Is that a full or part-time job?
JEVVAN: He's like me. Maintenance.
GERIUM: That a problem?
JEVVAN: Gerium.
DOCTOR: Drink your tea. We're not stopping.
JEVVAN: We only just got here.
DOCTOR: Things change. We have to move before... oh. The Valkyries. (sings along with ring tone.) Don't answer that.
JEVVAN: It's Tin-Marie. T-M, thank God. I thought you were
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Jevvan? You okay? Where are you?
JEVVAN: At the café.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: The café?
JEVVAN: Gerium's here too. Where are you?
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Jevvan, you have to get to the spacedrome. Now. They're getting us out. They're evacuating Valhalla.
GERIUM: Don't believe this. Is Loz there?
JEVVAN: Loz?
TIN-MARIE [OC]: No sign of him here.
DOCTOR: Quiet. Turn it off.
GERIUM: What's that sound?
DOCTOR: Get down.
JEVVAN: Oh God. Right at the window.

TIN-MARIE [OC]: What's happening? Who's that? (disconnect)
DOCTOR: Quiet. No one move. It's a worker termite. It may not have seen us.
JEVVAN: So big.
DOCTOR: It's searching.
GERIUM: Ugly scrumming thing.
DOCTOR: Careful. Careful. That's it. I think it's going.
GERIUM: Thank God.
JEVVAN: What are you doing?
GERIUM: I'm calling Lozzie-boy.
DOCTOR: No. (vid-com rings) Oh. Oh dear.
JEVVAN: Loz's phone.
GERIUM: Eh?
JEVVAN: Turn that off.
(Termite at window.)
JEVVAN: Can it get in?
DOCTOR: If it finds the door, it can.
GERIUM: How come you've got Loz's comm?
DOCTOR: Not now.
JEVVAN: The glass won't hold.
DOCTOR: Out the back, now. Close the door.
(Glass breaks.)

DOCTOR: Get a move on. It's summoning others.
JEVVAN: Which way?
DOCTOR: The spacedrome.
GERIUM: Hang on, there's things I need from my pod.
JEVVAN: Me too.
DOCTOR: No time to pack.
JEVVAN: But...
GERIUM: More of them!
DOCTOR: Go!

DOCTOR: Wait. The street's blocked. Or partly, ahead.
JEVVAN: They're pulling the buildings apart.
GERIUM: Tearing them down.
DOCTOR: Not just pulling. They're eating the masonry.
GERIUM: Eh?
JEVVAN: Eating?
DOCTOR: Processing, to feed their Queen. Oh, I have to see more.
JEVVAN: Careful.
DOCTOR: Normal termites only digest organic matter.
GERIUM: What's he on? How did he get Loz's vid-com?
JEVVAN: Doctor, come back.
DOCTOR: So why are these so ravenously omnivorous? Size? Well, perhaps. Bio-engineering? They're not natural, that's for certain.
JEVVAN: We'll never make the spacedrome on foot. All the transport'll be gone.
GERIUM: We'll never get off Callisto.
DOCTOR: Well, not *all* the transport.
JEVVAN: Like what?
DOCTOR: I'm not without certain means.
JEVVAN: Yeah?
GERIUM: Dumper truck.
DOCTOR: Hardly.
GERIUM: Back there. Easy ride. Got my maintenance key.
JEVVAN: Great!
GERIUM: Have us at the drome in five minutes.
JEVVAN: Come on, then. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh yes. Easy, if it wasn't for the termites in between.

TANNOY: Remain in the departure lounge. Flights will be called when ready for boarding.
TIN-MARIE: How much longer?
GUARD: Stand back.
TIN-MARIE: Don't push me, you Registry lackey.

GUARD: Please, stand back, ma'am. We're sealing the spacedrome.
TIN-MARIE: There are still people out in the city. I've got friends out there!
GUARD: Well then, they'd better hurry. Valhalla been written off.
TANNOY: Flight 852 to Ganymede is now boarding at Gate 3.
TIN-MARIE: How long? How long have they got?
GUARD: Get the flight, ma'am. There won't be another.

DOCTOR: First right.
JEVVAN: Look out!
GERIUM: Road block.
DOCTOR: Go left, then.
(Squeal of tyres.)
JEVVAN: Strewth.
GERIUM: Who put that thing up?
DOCTOR: Now, first left again.
GERIUM: Never a barrier there before.
JEVVAN: Oh, straight along here.
GERIUM: Who's driving this truck? And how come you had Loz's vid-com?
DOCTOR: This is not the time.
GERIUM: He nicked it, didn't he? Didn't ya!
DOCTOR: Gerium, I'm afraid that Loz
JEVVAN: We found it.
GERIUM: Eh?
JEVVAN: In the ducting. Loz must have dropped it. You know what he's like. Bet he has a hundred more, sells them off.
GERIUM: Think I'll believe that?
DOCTOR: Look out! Barrier!
GERIUM: That was never there before neither.
JEVVAN: Go right, along Rimsky Street.
DOCTOR: That way's blocked too. Someone doesn't want us to reach the spacedrome. Every time we head that way, we're turned back.
GERIUM: Towards Registry. Like it knows.
JEVVAN: But surveillance is down. How can it know? It's just a computer.
DOCTOR: Is it? Tell me about your tattoos.
GERIUM: Eh?
DOCTOR: Jevvan, say ah!
JEVVAN: What?
DOCTOR: Ah!
JEVVAN: Ah.
DOCTOR: This bar code on your tongue.
JEVVAN: It's immigration. Immigration.
DOCTOR: And speeds things up at the check-out.
GERIUM: What's he on about? We're not for sale.
DOCTOR: Are you sure about that?
JEVVAN: Up ahead, termites!
DOCTOR: Back up! Back up!
GERIUM: I'm backing!
DOCTOR: To the left.
JEVVAN: Look out!
DOCTOR: Another road block.
GERIUM: It lifted up like, like it knew we were coming.
DOCTOR: Perhaps it did.
JEVVAN: Keep on along Pushkin Street. What are you doing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I thought I'd ditched the thing. They must be tracking us.
JEVVAN: How?
DOCTOR: Loz's vid-com. I'm sure I left it in the café.
JEVVAN: Don't look at me.
(Loz's ring tone.)
DOCTOR + JEVVAN: Gerium!
GERIUM: It's Loz's comm, okay?
DOCTOR: Don't answer it.
GERIUM: Scrum off. Loz? You all right?
MOTHER [OC]: Doctor.

GERIUM: Eh?
JEVVAN: Termites ahead!
GERIUM: No! No way out.
MOTHER [OC]: We have an agreement, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Give me that. No, we do not.
MOTHER [OC]: We need you. We have sent an escort.
DOCTOR: Not today, thank you. Out you go. There. Now, drive.
JEVVAN: Who was that? What agreement?
GERIUM: It's him they want, not us. So suppose we throw him out too?
(Big growling sound.)
JEVVAN: What's that?
DOCTOR: Drive for your life, Gerium, or you'll never get off this rock alive.

TANNOY: Stand away from Gate 3. The Gate is now closed. Flight 852 to Ganymede is at full capacity. No more passengers can be taken.
TIN-MARIE: Did you get that, Jevvan?
JEVVAN [OC]: Doesn't get us inside, though. There's a whole crowd still stuck out here at the gates.
TANNOY: No more passengers can be taken. Please await further announcements.
TIN-MARIE: You hear that?

TIN-MARIE [OC]: Have they even called for help from Ganymede, or Earth? There'll be trouble, you'll see.
JEVVAN: Yeah. May have to cause some yourself.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: You bet I will.
DOCTOR: Come on, Gerium. You're a level three sparks. Now which circuit opens the gate?
GERIUM: It's a lock-out. Spacedrome's on its own grid, separate from Registry.
DOCTOR: These people can't stay out here. The termites are right on our tail.
GERIUM: Not such a clever quasar now, are you.
DOCTOR: It's true. I seem to have lost the knack.
(Boom of ship lifting off.)
JEVVAN: Oh no
DOCTOR: There it goes.
JEVVAN: Tin-Marie says it's the last ship to Ganymede. We're stranded.
GERIUM: But I want to go home.
DOCTOR: Easy, if I could just bypass these feed junctions.
JEVVAN: I used to come here on days off. From the view gallery you could see the freighters unloading stuff from all over the Solar System.
GERIUM: When there was stuff. Come on! Open up!
JEVVAN: You could pick up things really cheap. Now all you see is tankers burning past in the space lanes to Ganymede. No one stops here.
GERIUM: We all picked the wrong moon.
DOCTOR: Oh, stop wallowing, you two. I'm nearly done. (sizzle) Ow! 430 volts, very bracing.
GERIUM: Didn't open the gates, though.
JEVVAN: They're... they're coming.
GERIUM: No way out.
DOCTOR: A flood tide. But there's something ahead of them.
JEVVAN: At a hell of a run. It's the Mayoral limo!
GERIUM: Who'd nick that?
DOCTOR: The Mayor? He's locked out too?
JEVVAN: He'll never make it. He can't.
DOCTOR: Wait.
JEVVAN: The gates!
DOCTOR: Power opens every door. Everyone, inside.

GUARD: Seal the gates! Seal the gates! Stand back.
LAXTON: Which way, Officer?
GUARD: This way, Mister Laxton. The Grana is ready for departure.
JEVVAN: It is him. Look at the state of him.
GERIUM: Someone's bloodied him.
GUARD: Clear a path. Stand away!
JEVVAN: Where's the Doctor?
GERIUM: Scarpered. I told ya. You won't see him again.
JEVVAN: No.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Mister Laxton, where's our help?

JEVVAN: It's Tin-Marie!
GERIUM: Go for it, T-M!
TIN-MARIE [OC]: Where are the emergency teams?
LAXTON: Look, there will be help, I promise you.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: We need it now. There's dead and injured.
GUARD: Stand back, please.
LAXTON: Please stay calm. Help will come.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: No one can stay here. You can't strand us.
LAXTON: Links to Ganymede and Earth are down. I am going to get assistance.
TIN-MARIE [OC]: He's dumping us. He won't be back. He's got his own ship. (struggle) Get off me! Save the people!
GUARD: Stand back. Back! Get back! This way, sir.

GUARD: Along here, sir. We've medical facilities if you want.
LAXTON: Just get me out of here.
DOCTOR: Mister Laxton?
LAXTON: What?
GUARD: Stand back.
LAXTON: It's all right, officer. I know this one. You're a doctor, am I right?
DOCTOR: You're leaving in a hurry.
LAXTON: Are you investigating me?
DOCTOR: I spoke with your employer.
LAXTON: No, no, I never worked directly with Our Mother.
DOCTOR: Our Mother?
LAXTON: You haven't even seen her, have you. Our Mother the Fourth, termite Queen and progenitor of all her hideous race. It's her city now.
DOCTOR: She certainly has plans for Valhalla.
LAXTON: You know more than I do. My God! Did she offer you my job? She doesn't waste time. My chair's barely cold.
DOCTOR: I don't think Mayor is really my style.
LAXTON: Get clear, Doctor. Valhalla's a den of thieves. Or was.
DOCTOR: Of course, she might need a marketing consultant.
LAXTON: Marketing? Marketing what?
DOCTOR: These termites are not natural. Where do they come from? Did you humans create them?
LAXTON: (laughs) Stick to your little hotel, Doctor. More your level. Okay, I'm ready.
GUARD: This way, sir.
DOCTOR: Mister Laxton, where did they come from? Come back!

GERIUM: Hey, T-M, way to go.
TIN-MARIE: I had to do something. Couldn't let that bolshie Laxton get away with it.
GERIUM: Too right. You told him.
JEVVAN: Hardly going to help, is it, shouting.
TIN-MARIE: The city's off-limits. The food stalls are charging triple.
GERIUM: I've got food. Look. Bit squashed, but I'll do you a third off.
TIN-MARIE: We have to get people out of here.
JEVVAN: What about the docks?
TIN-MARIE: All the fliers are gone, all jammed full.
GERIUM: Those rust buckets? One day trip to the lo volcanoes and they fall apart.
JEVVAN: What about the Grana? That's got room to spare.
TIN-MARIE: Huh, oh yeah. Like Laxton's giving up his seat.
GERIUM: Scrum, where's the rescue? What about all my stuff?
TIN-MARIE: No one has anything now. We're all circling the drain.
(A distant scream, sound of termites.)
JEVVAN: Oh no. Look, on the door.
GERIUM: Can't see out.
TIN-MARIE: It's crawling with them.
GERIUM: They're in the gap between the inner and outer shells.
JEVVAN: They're trying to get in. Where's the Doctor?
TIN-MARIE: Who?
GERIUM: Scrambling out. You won't see him again.
DOCTOR: Don't count your chickens, Gerium.
GERIUM: Strewth! He keeps sneaking up on me!
JEVVAN: Doctor, thank goodness. What do we do now?

DOCTOR: You humans are infinitely resourceful, boundlessly inventive. Trail-blazing out across the stars. You can look after yourselves.

JEVVAN: What? I thought you'd

DOCTOR: Someone else has other plans, and I have to stop her.

GERIUM: Told you. He's no scrumming use.

JEVVAN: But what do we do?

TIN-MARIE: The termites aren't moving up there. It's like they're waiting for orders from whatever's in charge.

JEVVAN: Like Registry?

DOCTOR: Oh yes, it's all one and the same. Registry, Our Mother the Fourth.

TIN-MARIE: Who?

DOCTOR: Your city's been invaded for far longer than you think.

GERIUM: Thought you weren't bothered.

DOCTOR: I'm always bothered. I just need time to think.

(Jevvan's vid-com rings.)

JEVVAN: It's Registry.

DOCTOR: Don't answer that.

JEVVAN: Hello?

MOTHER [OC]: The Doctor.

JEVVAN: Er, the Doctor? Yes, he's here.

DOCTOR: No, I'm not.

JEVVAN: It's for you. No picture.

DOCTOR: I said, turn it off.

JEVVAN: Hey.

DOCTOR: No more calls. I'm thinking.

(Lots of vid-coms ring.)

JEVVAN: Stop it! Make them stop!

DOCTOR: Give me that. (ringing stops) Hello. It's me.

MOTHER [OC]: Doctor. The escort is waiting as we agreed. You are summoned.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: I never agreed to anything, madam. I have an investigation to complete, into your business practices.

GERIUM: What practices? What's he on about?

TIN-MARIE: Jevvan, you okay?

JEVVAN: That voice again. It's not human. It creeps me out.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, we can talk, but only on equal terms.

TIN-MARIE: Who is he?

JEVVAN: The Doctor? He was down in the ducting.

TIN-MARIE: Doing what?

DOCTOR: Have you considered the damage you'll cause?

JEVVAN: I dunno. He was just there, waiting in the dark.

GERIUM: Should have left him there.

JEVVAN: He sort of attached himself.

DOCTOR: I wasn't talking about the humans. I meant to your own people.

TIN-MARIE: Jevvan.

JEVVAN: What?

TIN-MARIE: Up in the dome. The termites.

JEVVAN: (shudders) Too creepy.

GERIUM: What are they staring at? What you staring at, eh?

DOCTOR: No, Mother, I'm offering to help you.

TIN-MARIE: It's him. They're watching him. Like they're waiting.

DOCTOR: First you release these people. Let them leave Valhalla now.

JEVVAN: He's bargaining for our lives.

GERIUM: Oh yeah, like we've all got transport.

DOCTOR: We'll find you something else to sell.

JEVVAN: What?

DOCTOR: Abandon your plans now.

MOTHER [OC]: Never. You will not destroy our children's future.

DOCTOR: Then they won't have a future at all.

MOTHER [OC]: Who are you? Where's Laxton? Is he there too? Let us speak to him.

DOCTOR: He's well on his way by now. His ship's long gone.

MOTHER [OC]: That's a lie! The Grana has not left the city.
DOCTOR: Now just a minute. (disconnect) Hello? Hello?
JEVVAN: What happened?
DOCTOR: Been put on hold.
TIN-MARIE: The termites, they're on the move.
GERIUM: They're heading for the docks.
DOCTOR: The Grana. Is that a ship?
TIN-MARIE: It's the Mayor's private flier.
DOCTOR: Ah.
TIN-MARIE: Paid for by our interest charges.
DOCTOR: I think Mister Laxton may be in for a bumpy take-off.
JEVVAN: The viewing gallery!

PILOT [OC]: Crew take positions for launch. All airlocks closed.
LAXTON: Leave the bottle, Steward. I'll help myself.
PILOT [OC]: Clearance for departure received.
(Alarm sounds.)
LAXTON: Now what? Come on, come on, let's get out of here.
PILOT [OC]: Sir, the termites, they're on the hull.
LAXTON: Termites? Oh God help us.

JEVVAN: The gallery overlooks the dock.
GERIUM: Hell in a bucket.
TIN-MARIE: Seas!
JEVVAN: The Grana.
TIN-MARIE: They're all over it, like a sea of them.
JEVVAN: What are they after?
DOCTOR: They're after Teddy Laxton.
GERIUM: Only Laxton? They're cutting the whole ship out of its cradle.
DOCTOR: Like termites stealing a sugar bowl.
JEVVAN: They *are* termites.
TIN-MARIE: Like what they tried with my fridge.
DOCTOR: I wonder what they're saying? If only I could understand them.
JEVVAN: Look out!
(Big crash.)
JEVVAN: It's upside down.
TIN-MARIE: How can they shift something that big?
GERIUM: There's enough of them.
DOCTOR: The wave carries everything before it, and it won't stop here.
TIN-MARIE: Why do they want Laxton?
DOCTOR: Because he's the bridge, the liaison between their world and yours.
JEVVAN: Our world?
TIN-MARIE: Laxton knew this was coming?
DOCTOR: He tried to warn you, but now his dash for freedom's well and truly scuppered.
TIN-MARIE: That doesn't help us. You stay here.
DOCTOR: Be careful. Jevvan, vid-com please.
JEVVAN: Here.
GERIUM: What are you after, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Do you mind? This is a private call.
GERIUM: Who are you talking to?
JEVVAN: You said our world, as if it wasn't yours.
DOCTOR: It's not yours either. Not any more. Oh, I knew it. Unavailable.
JEVVAN: What?
DOCTOR: I'm not needed. She's got Laxton back, and I'm out of a job.

(Breaking objects.)
LAXTON: Oh, for pity's sake. Your clumsy rabble's carrying my ship the wrong way up. I'm strapped to the ceiling.
MOTHER [OC]: Your escape bid failed, Teddy Sergeivitch.
LAXTON: Let me down. I'm trying to save the people of Valhalla.
MOTHER [OC]: You were saving yourself.
LAXTON: No, the blood's all rushing to my head.
MOTHER [OC]: My termites have outgrown you. Humanity's turn on top of the stack is over.

LAXTON: Enjoy the view. It's rubbish, anyway. You got the city, what more do you want?
MOTHER [OC]: Release the codes to Registry.
LAXTON: Release the people first.
MOTHER [OC]: We need the people.
LAXTON: For pity's sake.
MOTHER [OC]: We undervalued you, Laxton.
LAXTON: You could have said that earlier.
MOTHER [OC]: Who is this Doctor? What did he say to you?
LAXTON: You're way out of your depth, aren't you. You're scared. How is your egg count, by the way?
MOTHER [OC]: My termites will deal with the Doctor.
LAXTON: Maybe he'll deal back with you. So, am I forgiven? No Teddy S, no Registry.
MOTHER [OC]: But you are not going to Registry.
LAXTON: What? No, no, hang on, hang on. This is wrong. We should have turned left back there. If this is Chagall Street, where's Tchaikovsky Tower? My God. You're ripping the whole city down.
MOTHER [OC]: We are in ascension.

JEVVAN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Busy. (punching at code lock)
JEVVAN: But there's nothing in the freight dock. It's disused.
GERIUM: You can't get in there. It's max red code. Crew only.
(Door opens.)
JEVVAN: Whoa! I want the code for that one.
DOCTOR: I reset the default when I arrived.
(Door closes.)
GERIUM: Told you. Nothing in here.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
GERIUM: Apart from that old box.
DOCTOR: The key. Now where did I put the wretched thing? Jevvan, don't wander off.
GERIUM: What's this, then? Another fridge? Here, I touched it. It's like its got an energy pulse. Jevvan?
JEVVAN: Come and see.
GERIUM: What?
DOCTOR: Ah! Got it.
JEVVAN: Look, down across the city.
GERIUM: What the scrum?
JEVVAN: It's not just me, is it? It's the buildings.
GERIUM: They're moving.
DOCTOR: They're dragging them.
JEVVAN: What? The termites, pulling whole buildings?
DOCTOR: The average termite's grasp of functional architecture is second to none. And on this scale...
GERIUM: There goes our block!
JEVVAN: Tchaikovsky Tower?
DOCTOR: Like chess for giants.
JEVVAN: Think I'm going crazy.
DOCTOR: Then come away from the window.
(Metallic clanging.)
JEVVAN: What's that?
GERIUM: There, by the bulwark.
JEVVAN: In the infrastructure. It's trying to get in.
GERIUM: That's Titan steel it's eating. We're not staying. Doctor, open the bay door!
DOCTOR: It's barely through yet. I wonder if it understands me?
GERIUM: Open the door!
JEVVAN: Look out!
(Clang!)
GERIUM: It's blocked the way. We can't get out.
DOCTOR: Get inside the Tardis.
JEVVAN: What?
DOCTOR: In there. I'll join you in a minute.
JEVVAN: Doctor, don't go near that thing.
GERIUM: He's mad. Get us out of here.
DOCTOR: Quiet. It may be only me it's after.
JEVVAN: Gerium, got any therms?
GERIUM: Maybe. But they'll cost you.
JEVVAN: Give them here. I'll fix that thing.

DOCTOR: No! Do you want the place overrun?

JEVVAN: What?

DOCTOR: It could be my escort. Just go inside. Excuse me. Excuse me. Could I have a word?

GERIUM: He is mad.

DOCTOR: (slowly and clearly) Do you understand me?

(Termite chitters.)

JEVVAN: No, it doesn't. Let me deal with it.

DOCTOR [OC]: It's a soldier termite, heavily armoured.

MOTHER: It *is* him. The Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Probably in communication with its co-workers. Have you come for me?

MOTHER: Let us be rid of him once and for all.

GERIUM: It's breaking through!

JEVVAN: Not if I can help it. Get down.

DOCTOR: No!

JEVVAN: Oof! (boom) One to me, I think.

DOCTOR: Now you've done it.

GERIUM: They're coming!

DOCTOR: Inside the Tardis, quickly.

JEVVAN: In that?

DOCTOR: Now!

JEVVAN: Whoa!

GERIUM: Scrumming hell!

JEVVAN: No. No, that's not right. What's going on?

(Tardis doors close.)

GERIUM: Oi, let us out. Open the doors.

DOCTOR: You're safer in the Tardis, believe me.

GERIUM: Tardis?

JEVVAN: How do you do it? It's not real, is it?

DOCTOR: The Multum in Parvo paradox, you mean? Bigger inside than out.

JEVVAN: I was going to say smaller outside than in.

DOCTOR: (laughs) I like your style, birthday girl. Your human brain's hardly capacious, but inside your mind's chock full of ideas.

GERIUM: Eh?

DOCTOR: And my ship is much the same. You see? Just as solid.

JEVVAN: That'll never stand up in a science seminar.

DOCTOR: I should hope not.

GERIUM: He's having us on. This isn't a ship.

DOCTOR: Fully functional. Well, almost.

JEVVAN: See, you've got a way to get people off Callisto.

DOCTOR: Ah.

GERIUM: How much?

DOCTOR: What?

GERIUM: To get me away.

JEVVAN: Us away.

DOCTOR: You? My Tardis may be many things, Gerium, but it's not a tuppenny ha'penny taxi service.

GERIUM: (sotto) Who squeezed his tube?

JEVVAN: Sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Or a luxury cruise liner, despite the constant stream of non-paying guests and sight-seers.

JEVVAN: We only asked.

DOCTOR: Free-loaders, cold-callers.

JEVVAN: But what about, I mean, don't you have friends?

DOCTOR: Neither my Tardis nor I are going anywhere at present.

(Whumph!)

GERIUM: Whoa!

JEVVAN: What's happening?

DOCTOR: On the other hand, the termite army outside may have other ideas.

MOTHER [OC]: Open the ship doors, Laxton. Come outside.

LAXTON: I'm staying put.

MOTHER [OC]: Release the Registry codes.

LAXTON: They've gone. I've wiped them.

MOTHER [OC]: You still carry them with you.

(Termites break in.)

LAXTON: No, get them out. Get them out!

MOTHER [OC]: My workers have a business to settle, and your ship's computers must link to the codes you hid from me.

LAXTON: No. No access. No!

REGISTRY: All codes available.

MOTHER [OC]: Thank you, Teddy Sergeivitch. Commence resource registration.

LAXTON: At least let my crew go.

REGISTRY: Reg Kruschevitch, pilot, skills level 9. Francois Maret, ship's purser, skills level 4.

LAXTON: Let them go. I'm the one you need, not them. Just me. (crying) Just me.

REGISTRY: Teddy Sergeivitch Laxton, Mayor and Registrar, skills level 12.

(Muffled whimpers.)

MOTHER [OC]: Nothing is wasted. It all has its value. My entourage approaches the surface. Registry is fortified to receive me. New egg chambers, new quarters for my grooms and nurses. Notify the universe.

Soon we throw open our gates for business!

(Bangs and crashes.)

DOCTOR: Hold tight!

GERIUM: Scrumming hell!

DOCTOR: The termites, they're abducting us, along with the Tardis.

JEVVAN: Sideways on.

DOCTOR: Mind that door. The passage under it will be like a mine shaft.

GERIUM: Do something, will you? Ow!

DOCTOR: If I can only reach the console up there.

JEVVAN: Too high.

DOCTOR: It's not usually on the wall. My umbrella might...

GERIUM: I'm slipping.

JEVVAN: Grab my hand.

DOCTOR: Might get there.

JEVVAN: Hold on. No!

(Whirr! Sounds of relief.)

DOCTOR: Ah ha, that's more like it.

JEVVAN: Gerium, are you okay?

DOCTOR: The pitch stabiliser should be automatic, not manual.

JEVVAN: Gerium?

GERIUM: Not so fully functional, then.

DOCTOR: Well, I did say almost.

GERIUM: There's loads more room down there.

DOCTOR: Really? Take a leaf from my book, Gerium, and stay out of other people's business. Now, let us see.

JEVVAN: We're still moving. Look, they're taking us out into the city.

DOCTOR: What's left of it. I wonder how they got here?

GERIUM: They're tearing the place apart, swarming everywhere.

DOCTOR: Mutations. Freaks from some blind evolutionary alley. They certainly have the will to survive, but that's down to the Mother. She's the one to ask.

JEVVAN: How come you're talking to them? Have you done a deal?

GERIUM: I'm not a part of this.

DOCTOR: You all are. Why else do you think I came? 414J Gerium Chad. Male human worker.

GERIUM: Where'd you get that?

DOCTOR: Electrical engineer, skills level 3, born Earth 2-2-16.

GERIUM: That's confidential!

DOCTOR: Credit rating minus 5. Two convictions for petty theft.

GERIUM: That's lies. What else does it say?

DOCTOR: Just more confidential lies.

JEVVAN: Am I there too? Is it a Registry feed?

DOCTOR: Not exactly. It's a sales catalogue programme.

GERIUM: Sales?

DOCTOR: I found it 200 years from now in an old curiosity shop on Amignion 2, next to the bust of Joanna the Mad. Not a good likeness. At first I mistook her for Pliny the Elder. But this catalogue has you all, all in detail, all up for sale.

REGISTRY: State search code.
TIN-MARIE: 265K Tin-Marie Fisher. How many more times?
REGISTRY: Registry site is under reconstruction. All comms are closed.
TIN-MARIE: I'm sending a may-day, not an X-mas card. An emergency signal off Callisto.
REGISTRY: Emergency signals have already been sent.
TIN-MARIE: What?
REGISTRY: Please hold.
ADVERT: To obtain details of exciting new human resource trade opportunities
TIN-MARIE: What is this?
ADVERT: Register now for the new Valhalla brochure and catalogue, coming soon.
TIN-MARIE: No, no, I'm 265K Tin-Marie Fisher.
REGISTRY: Access denied. Fisher Tin-Marie is not yet available.
TIN-MARIE: Who's not available?
REGISTRY: Please try again soon.
TIN-MARIE: What do you mean?
PILOT [OC]: Valhalla, this is patrol ship Resolute.
TIN-MARIE: Resolute, I read you.
PILOT [OC]: We've picked up your may-day, Valhalla. We're coming in with assistance.
TIN-MARIE: Yes!!!

GERIUM: Jevvan Petrovna Hadria. Female human worker.
JEVVAN: Let me see. Oh, my God! They've got me too.
GERIUM: Electrical engineer, skill level 2.
JEVVAN: Four! I'm level 4. I've got diplomas.
GERIUM: Born Earth 3-2-23. Credit rating low. Interests include travel and crabball?
JEVVAN: At least I've got interests. Is this programme what I think it is?
DOCTOR: Oh yes. A glossy hi-tech slave market, showcasing the citizens of Valhalla, from lowly waiter to executive Mayor. All neatly stacked, bar-coded, and up for grabs.
JEVVAN: There can't be demand for it. Not for slaves.
DOCTOR: The galaxy's a cosmopolitan place. There's no limit to what can be bought and sold. Interest has only to be expressed.
GERIUM: This brochure's dated 9-1-46.
JEVVAN: That's next month. It hasn't happened yet.
DOCTOR: It's an advance copy.
GERIUM: Who else is on here?
JEVVAN: I don't want to look. What are you doing, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Making adjustments. If I'm negotiating, it's on my terms, not theirs.
JEVVAN: Talk to those things?
DOCTOR: Termites are people too. Hold that.
JEVVAN: People? People who sell us off? I mean, what for?
DOCTOR: Slaves, laboratory specimens, food. Nothing wasted.
JEVVAN: You're going to stop them, aren't you? I mean, you have to.
DOCTOR: That's why I'm here. If I could just talk sense into their Queen, steer her onto a new course, a new and better future. I'm very persuasive when roused.
GERIUM: Here's Loz. Scrumming hell, nine convictions?
JEVVAN: Do you really come from the future?
DOCTOR: Sometimes.
JEVVAN: Then you know what's going to happen to us.
DOCTOR: I have enquiries to make, incognito.
GERIUM: He's on here too.
JEVVAN: Who?
DOCTOR: Me. Just in, one Doctor, practical, witty. And there's no end of people all across eternity who'd pay a fortune for my head on a silver platter.
JEVVAN: But all those people at the spacedrome, we have to get them out.
GERIUM: Jevvan and who's army?
DOCTOR: Hmm. Just one small adjustment.
JEVVAN: We've got a ready made army inside. They just need help. Doctor? Doctor? Where'd he go?
(wibble) Oh!

PILOT [OC]: Valhalla, this is patrol ship Resolute. We're on final approach. Please confirm your situation.
TIN-MARIE: Resolute, this is Valhalla. Thank God you're here. The city's been invaded. We need to begin emergency evacuation.

PILOT [OC]: Valhalla, do you read me?
TIN-MARIE: Resolute? Hello? Resolute.
REGISTRY: Earth ship Resolute, this is Valhalla Registry.
TIN-MARIE: What?
PILOT [OC]: We read you, Valhalla Registry. Please confirm your emergency.
REGISTRY: We have meteor damage to substation 3, Resolute. Any help appreciated.
TIN-MARIE: No!
PILOT [OC]: Understood, Valhalla. Standing by.
TIN-MARIE: Don't listen to them. Resolute!
REGISTRY: Dock 4 is cleared and ready.
PILOT [OC]: Thanks, Valhalla. We're coming in.
REGISTRY: Affirmative, Resolute. Glad to see you. Welcome to Valhalla.
TIN-MARIE: No! That's what they want. Resolute, don't listen.

(Termite chittering.)

GERIUM: Get back!

JEVVAN: Where's the Doctor? How did that get in here?

GERIUM: What about us? Look out!

JEVVAN: It's more interested in the console. Try for the door. I'll keep it off with this. Okay, go. Uh, ow. Hey!
(Wibble.)

DOCTOR: Do you mind? That's my umbrella you're hitting me with.

JEVVAN: It's you!

DOCTOR: Of course it's me.

GERIUM: Not just now it wasn't.

JEVVAN: You were a termite.

DOCTOR: A convincing termite? Well, obviously. Hence the violence. But marks out of ten?

GERIUM: He was a scrumming termite.

DOCTOR: That's just your interpretation.

JEVVAN: You changed shape.

DOCTOR: Well, not exactly. The Tardis's telepathic circuits altered your perception. Call it a sleight of mind. And hey presto! You believe what you saw.

GERIUM: He's messing with my head. He was a termite!

JEVVAN: Never do that again, okay?

DOCTOR: As long as it works for the real termites too.

GERIUM: Eh?

JEVVAN: You're not going out there. They'll kill you.

DOCTOR: The termites might, but if I can get past them to the Queen...

JEVVAN: It doesn't help the people in spacedrome though.

(Thud, they cry out.)

GERIUM: We've stopped moving.

DOCTOR: Good. Time for a chat. (scanner on) They seem unduly excited. What's going on out there?

GERIUM: They're insects. They don't talk. They don't have rights.

JEVVAN: Course they do. Termites are people too.

DOCTOR: The Tardis listens for me. If there's meaning and structure, then it translates. Of course, it's selective, or we'd tune in to every passing flock of starlings.

JEVVAN: You're going to get yourself scrubbed.

DOCTOR: I have to know their plans. You stay in here.

(Electronic gibberish.)

JEVVAN: Turn it off!

DOCTOR: The entire telepathic net of the termite world. Now, just a little local fine tuning.

TERMITE [OC]: Squad, at ease.

DOCTOR: Ah, there now. And with the appropriate disguise...

(Wibble.)

GERIUM: Strewth.

DOCTOR: A termite general, I think, with requisite rank and access to the Queen. Close the doors behind me.

JEVVAN: Sure.

GERIUM: Shut the door!

WORKER: I'm told she has an iridescent glow.

TERMITE 962: I say we bite the plunder box open.

TERMITE: Contents not to be harmed, 962. Orders of Our Mother herself.

TERMITE 962: Huh, not long before she gets here, eh?

TERMITE: Glorious ascension.
TERMITE 962: Fall in all workers!
WORKERS: (singing over each other, can't make it out properly.)
DOCTOR: And what's going on here?
TERMITE 962: Who's this? What were you doing inside the plunder box?
DOCTOR: Is that how you address a superior officer? This street's a mess. Who's in charge here?
TERMITE 962: Sergeant? Sergeant!
SERGEANT: What's going on?
TERMITE 962: This superior officer was inside the plunder box!
DOCTOR: On the orders of Our Mother the Fourth, I am entrusted with guarding the valuable contents
SERGEANT: What's today's watchwords, sir? The thought for today?
DOCTOR: You're not important enough to have thoughts, Sergeant.
SERGEANT: That's why Our Mother gives us hers. Sir. So what's today's?

DOCTOR [OC]: Out of my way. I have to report to Our Mother.
JEVVAN: He doesn't know.
GERIUM: He's scrubbed.
DOCTOR [OC]: I said, let me pass. Our Mother is waiting.
SERGEANT [OC]: So are we, sir.
JEVVAN: On my vid-com. Those Registry messages we keep getting.
SERGEANT [OC]: Today's watchwords.
JEVVAN: Here. Today is the first step in the march to the stars.
DOCTOR [OC]: The higher we are, the better we see.
JEVVAN: No. I'm going out there.
GERIUM: To save him? No brain, that's you, Jevvan.
SERGEANT [OC]: You're a dark one. Difficult to read. What's inside the box, eh?
JEVVAN: I was watching what he did. These controls here.
(Wibble.)
GERIUM: Scrumming hell, Jevvan. Change back. Change back!
JEVVAN: You've changed too, Gerium.
GERIUM: Eh? Strewth! What have you done?
JEVVAN: Stick with me. Doctor needs our help.

SERGEANT: We need an answer.
DOCTOR: Procrastination is the thief of time?
(Termite laughter.)
SERGEANT: Fact is, General, you don't have a clue.
DOCTOR: I'm on a secret assignment for Our Mother.
SERGEANT: We're termites. We don't have secrets.
WORKERS: Chop him up. Eat him. Just eat him.
DOCTOR: Insubordination. I have orders.
SERGEANT: What orders? What's the watchwords?
(Tardis doors open.)
JEVVAN: General?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Jevvan? Gerium? (Tardis door closes) Is that you?
JEVVAN: We have an urgent despatch, sir.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, yes. Thank you. Both of you. Today's watchword is, today is the first step in the march to the stars.
SERGEANT: How many of you in there?
DOCTOR: Oh, just my immediate staff.
SERGEANT: And your orders?
JEVVAN: (sotto) Doctor, they can't come inside.
DOCTOR: Top security, Sergeant. Our Mother's most secret business. I report only to her.
GERIUM: The ground's shaking.
SERGEANT: Stand back. Clear the street.
JEVVAN: Oh no, it's like what did for Loz.
GERIUM: Loz? What did for Loz? Is he dead?
SERGEANT: She's here. Our Mother.
DOCTOR: Get back.
(Big squelchy groan.)
SERGEANT: Cheer, you scratchlings.
(Termites cheer.)
JEVVAN: What is that?

DOCTOR: A chariot. The termite Queen's litter. Our Mother who art in labour, big as a beached space whale, permanently giving birth.
MOTHER: The light and air greet us. All praise to our workers. The first step in our march to the stars.
TERMITES: Born in an egg where the shell is the sky, for
DOCTOR: So bloated she has to be carried. Now that's how to make an entrance, just like Cleopatra's barge.
JEVVAN: With an army to pull it.
DOCTOR: Grooms in attendance, streams of nurses to carry her new-laid eggs.
GERIUM: You never said Loz was dead.
JEVVAN: Gerium, sorry. We couldn't.
GERIUM: He owed me, scrumming little crook. 5000 credits, and now he's scrumming dead.
DOCTOR: Not now, Gerium.
GERIUM: And you! You're going to deal with that monster.
DOCTOR: Quiet.
MOTHER: Stop! Is that the sun? Is that all it is? So small and cold? Open up the box. Fetch out the Doctor now.
JEVVAN: Doctor.
(The Valkyrie ringtone is very faint, but there.)
DOCTOR: Not a word. Not yet.
MOTHER: We'll make an example of all who oppose us. Bring out the Doctor.
SERGEANT: Our Mother, the box was open already. The General here takes responsibility.
MOTHER: General?
DOCTOR: Our Mother.
MOTHER: He's no hatchling of ours. Who is he?
SERGEANT: He's a spy.
(The Doctor cries out.)
MOTHER: Our Doctor must be here. Where is he? Where is he, General? Answer me or I'll tear you limb from limb from limb.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: Our Mother.
JEVVAN: Doctor, be careful.
DOCTOR: General to you. Our Mother, listen. I have news of the Doctor.
GERIUM: He's off his head.
MOTHER: Where is the Doctor?
DOCTOR: Closer than you think. But he's an elusive fellow, hard to pin down, even worse to catalogue.
MOTHER: Ah.
DOCTOR: Practical, witty, clubbable, sought after in all major star systems.
MOTHER: He is registered already.
DOCTOR: Some people believe anything.
MOTHER: And you are his envoy.
DOCTOR: He expresses concern over your plans.
MOTHER: Attend us, General. Up here, on our wagon. We value your counsel.
DOCTOR: At your service.
GERIUM: He can't just leave us.
JEVVAN: General, what about us?
DOCTOR: Try to reach spacedrome, cause as much disruption as you can. Anything to delay proceedings.
JEVVAN: Gotcha.
MOTHER: General!
DOCTOR: And answer to numbers, not names. Think termite.
MOTHER: General.
DOCTOR: Here, Our Mother. On board.
SERGEANT: All columns forward, advance.
GERIUM: I can't... I can't do this.
JEVVAN: Shut up, Gerium.
SERGEANT: You two. Yes, you. The egg teams need help. Don't just stand there. On the triple! The hatchlings don't wait for their dinner.

DOCTOR: The reconstruction proceeds apace, Our Mother. Old buildings on the move, cannibalised to fortify the Registry as your new Termitry.
MOTHER: We remember every one of our children. Every worker, every soldier. But we do not know you. Stand closer. Oh, it's so hard to focus.

DOCTOR: Have you thought about glasses?
MOTHER: Ah, you are no envoy. You are him. Somehow you are the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Shh. We're not alone. It's not for public antennae.
MOTHER: What? Why are our nurses waiting here? What is it?
NURSE: Our Mother, your current egg rate.
MOTHER: Well?
NURSE: Two, our mother.
MOTHER: What's that?
NURSE: Down to two a minute, Our Mother.
MOTHER: Two? Impossible. How can we be so unproductive?
DOCTOR: With your workload it's no surprise. I think a full medical check-up might be in order.
MOTHER: And what would the Doctor say?
DOCTOR: The Doctor would tell you to abdicate or whatever royalty does, and do it right now.
MOTHER: Never.
(Fanfare.)
MOTHER: Grubs, you are all heroic workers. Already our new citadel rises to crown our labours. It leads us on to ultimate glory.
(Workers cheer.)
MOTHER: (sotto) I could crush you at any time, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, all right, all right. It's me. (wibble) There, no point in hiding. So, go on, do your worst.⁷
MOTHER: What do you want?
DOCTOR: I want to help you. I want to stop you leading your people into absolute disaster.

SERGEANT: Warriors, take the slack. Triple march to Registry! Forward on the triple.
GERIUM: We're speeding up, Jevvan.
JEVVAN: This egg weighs a ton. How do we get away now? What's happening?
GERIUM: Dunno. We'll make a run for it.
JEVVAN: To the spacedrome? We'll never make it.

(Groaning.)
DOCTOR: Just try to breath slowly.
MOTHER: Did the humans send you to plague me, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Perhaps I could start your examination. (slightly distant) I'll be round here.
MOTHER: No more trickery.
DOCTOR: Please hold still. You're turning Valhalla into a human retail park. How do you think Earth will react?
MOTHER: Earth turned its back long ago. And we are superior, industrious, intelligent.
DOCTOR: You've certainly come up in the world. Oh dear. Your blood pressure's very high.
MOTHER: Long ago, in the reign of Our Mother the First, humans engineered a team of heroic termite pioneers to burrow into the heart of Callisto, seeking new energy sources.
DOCTOR: Assisted evolution. You have been in the wars. Your reflexes are almost negligible.
MOTHER: When Earth cut Valhalla off, no one even remembered us. But we kept working, sending years of data back to the Registry. And we were outside Valhalla's gravity pan.
DOCTOR: Hence your size. Jupiter's infamous gravity fluxes let you termites grow massively in just a few generations. And then the traffic of data to Registry started going both ways.
MOTHER: Our termites seek out all resources. The universe is our market.
DOCTOR: And humans are difficult to keep, going off their food in captivity, losing market value.
MOTHER: We have the means.
DOCTOR: (close) Not you, Our Mother.
MOTHER: What?
DOCTOR: I fear your condition is in terminal decline. Bad diet, constant stress. You don't have long to live.
MOTHER: You think we did not know that?
DOCTOR: For your people's sake, stop this disastrous plan now.
MOTHER: It will be our triumph. Grubs, Registration must be started!

GERIUM: This egg's shifting like... like it's on edge.
JEVVAN: Mine too. Edge towards the side streets. (loud) You come near me and I'll smash this egg.
SERGEANT: Put down those eggs. Gently.
GERIUM: Jevvan, mine's cracking!
JEVVAN: Give us some help.
(Gerium roars, the egg breaks, a grub chitters.)
SERGEANT: Get back.
JEVVAN: Run!

SERGEANT: Get after them!

TIN-MARIE [tannoy]: Okay, everyone getting this? I'm Tin-Marie Fisher.
(Hub-bub of crowd.)

TIN-MARIE [tannoy]: Listen! Security's sealed off the spacedrome corridors. It's sealed because termites are in the building! So we can sit here or fight back. There's a carrier on dock 4. If some of us can hack through we might get a message out. The rest must keep the termites busy. We've one chance. Work together, distract them. Riot. A proper riot this time, yeah? One you don't need a ticket for! Cos that's what we're good at! Do it before they do!

(Cheers.)

MARKETEER: Our Mother, the human livestock are growing agitated.

MOTHER: Full registration must be instigated. Carry us inside Registry now.

MARKETEER: But the entrance is too small for you to enter.

MOTHER: Then widen it! Bite harder, and don't keep us waiting.

MARKETEER: Our Mother, the programme must commence. We may lose the stock.

MOTHER: My innards are churning.

DOCTOR: As your physician, I advise you not to move. I can fetch out drugs from Registry
(Our Mother coughs.)

MARKETEER: Our Mother?

MOTHER: Oh, go on. And take the Doctor with you. Let him prove his worth.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Our Mother.

MOTHER: But watch him. One trick and you may slice him to pieces.

JEVVAN: Gerium, down here, out of sight.

GERIUM: The place is crawling. We'll never get to the spacedrome, not like this.

JEVVAN: Let's lose these disguises too. Better without them.

GERIUM: Yeah, maybe. (wibble) Ah.

JEVVAN: I don't believe it. Look what they've parked out there.

GERIUM: Scrumming hell. The whole building.

JEVVAN: The whole Tchaikovsky Towers. Stores, wheels, everything. Doctor told us to make trouble, and there's enough therms there for a million termites.

REGISTRY: Stand by.

MARKETEER: There they go. Our glorious Mother's codes unloading.

DOCTOR: What is registration? Some form of stock-take?

MARKETEER: It transfers all tradeable human livestock onto the catalogue.

DOCTOR: Suppose I want to peruse the glorious stock?

MARKETEER: You have no designated access. Fetch out the drugs.

DOCTOR: Just checking.

REGISTRY: Codes accepted. Catalogue ready and launched.

DOCTOR: Too late. What's this doing here? Shouldn't eggs be kept in the hatchery?

MARKETEER: Leave it alone.

DOCTOR: Just a tuning fork. All eggs have a weak spot.

(Egg cracking, groan and coughing.)

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

MARKETEER: Alert! Livestock escaping!

DOCTOR: Teddy Laxton. Here, let me.

LAXTON: Get away from me.

DOCTOR: It's me, the Doctor, remember?

LAXTON: Doctor.

MARKETEER: Stand away.

DOCTOR: Quiet. Do you want an encore?

MARKETEER: Alert. Assistance required.

LAXTON: System 12 override. Drop blast shield.

(Rumble, squish, gurgling, termite dies.)

DOCTOR: Thank you, Mister Laxton. Sorry about the shell-shock.

LAXTON: The barrier won't hold for long.

DOCTOR: Long enough.

LAXTON: What are you back for?

DOCTOR: Your friend, the termite Queen, has terrible plans - trafficking innocent people into slavery, destroying her own children's future - but you can stop her.

LAXTON: Me?

DOCTOR: Unlock the comm systems. Use those broadcast skills you're so proud of, and do it quickly, before she drags us all into the abyss.

PEOPLE: Let us go! Let us go! (continues under -)

TIN-MARIE: We only need distract the termites for a minute, just to reach the ship and get a message out. More, come on!

GUARD: That's it, let it rip! Ready, Tin-Marie?

TIN-MARIE: Okay. Open up. Let's go for it. Oh God, shut the door! They're getting in! Get back, all of you! (Chittering.)

REGISTRY: Stand by. Registration of livestock will commence. Move forward when your number is called. 121A Richard Harrison Joseph. Richard Harrison Joseph.

MAN: Here.

(Crowd groans.)

REGISTRY: Stand forward. Crouch.

(Muffled moaning and crunching.)

TIN-MARIE: Is that what happens? We all get packaged in neat little shelves.

REGISTRY: 126A Evgeny Anderson Sonora. Evgeny Anderson

MAN 2: I'm here. Ah!

DOCTOR: Hurry up, Laxton.

LAXTON: Give me time, will you? All right, ready to broadcast. Let's get this over.

(Crash!)

LAXTON: Oh, Our Mother.

MOTHER: You tricked me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Of course I tricked you. Your slave trade is offensive to the whole universe. I am closing you down.

MOTHER: Hold them.

(Laxton and the Doctor cry out.)

MOTHER: A fine doctor you are, Doctor. Let's see how you fare on the open market.

REGISTRY: 265K Tin-Marie Fisher. Stand forward.

TIN-MARIE: She's gone. Dead and gone. Absent without leave. Get off me!

REGISTRY: 265K Tin-Marie Fisher.

(Big boom, termite panic.)

JEVVAN: Get away, you filthy things. Get away.

(Boom.)

GERIUM: Jevvan, there's too many of them.

JEVVAN: Get away! (boom) There's plenty more of these. Who wants one next?

GERIUM: Where's everyone? They're not here.

JEVVAN: Just the eggs. God, there's no one left.

GERIUM: Jevvan, look out!

(Jevvan and Gerium scream.)

JEVVAN: Gerium!

MOTHER: The catalogue features a broad range of skilled livestock.

DOCTOR: Not so much of the livestock. Humans are people too.

MOTHER: Ho, ho, ha, ha. Registration is on-going.

LAXTON: Our Mother, I should never have trusted you. You and Registry. Let me go!

MOTHER: We have rights too. This city was all but finished when we returned.

LAXTON: You rang me direct. Mister Mayor, our mission is complete. We have the new energy source you were seeking. You were lying even then.

MOTHER: Our termites saved Valhalla.

LAXTON: For yourselves.

DOCTOR: Is this the civilisation you dream of?

MOTHER: Civilisation is what humans smear across the open wound they leave on the face of the universe. But we can do better.

REGISTRY: Interest is being registered.

MOTHER: Ah.

DOCTOR: Interest?

REGISTRY: Three expressions. Correction, four. Five expressions.

MOTHER: In which retail item?

REGISTRY: Item 3X91-12.

LAXTON: That's you, Doctor. They want to buy you.
DOCTOR: Me? You said I wasn't for sale. Let me see that.
MOTHER: Release them.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
REGISTRY: Eight expressions now.
(Alarm sounds.)
REGISTRY: Emergency. Registration procedure is under attack.
MOTHER: Go. Protect the livestock.
(Termites leave.)
DOCTOR: Laxton, do it. Make the broadcast.
(Our Mother roars, Laxton cries out.)
LAXTON: She's crushing me.
DOCTOR: I've no choice left, Our Mother. I'll do it myself.
LAXTON: (weak) She...

JEVVAN: Tin-Marie. Tin-Marie, will you scrumming answer? They're getting in and we need to deploy the whole therm in one big blast. Tin-Marie, just answer! No! Get off! Get off!
REGISTRY: 391Q Jevvan Petrovna Hadria retrieved. Take for immediate registration.
DOCTOR [OC]: Attention. Here is an announcement. It is with the deepest regret that we announce the passing of Our Mother the Fourth.

DOCTOR: Who has died peacefully in her sleep.
MOTHER: What's he saying? Stop him.
DOCTOR: Her legacy remains. Her people endure. Long live the Queen. (comms off)
LAXTON: Doctor, out the window.
DOCTOR: Has it started?
LAXTON: Winged soldiers, thousands of them.
MOTHER: No.
LAXTON: They're swarming from every crack. They'll cover the city.
MOTHER: Our children, we are here.
DOCTOR: Not any more, Our late lamented Mother. I brought the future so you can escape the past.
MOTHER: Our children, we are not dead. Stop them. Do not desert us.
DOCTOR: It's the wedding flight. When the old monarch dies, the new grooms take to the air in a frenzied hunt to find a new Queen.
LAXTON: But she's not dead yet.
DOCTOR: The wheels of history are turning. There's no going back.
MOTHER: Call them back. Stop it.
DOCTOR: Laxton, it's the moment of chaos. Flush Registry of her influence and get help for your people.
LAXTON: I'll break the link now. Our Mother.
MOTHER: You as well, Laxton?
DOCTOR: Be careful.
LAXTON: You lied to me. You snatch whatever you're given. I don't have many friends, that goes with the job, but it's the contempt I hate. You and Registry, behind my back. I'll break the link. Better to have nothing at all!
DOCTOR: No, Laxton, don't touch
(Laxton screams. Electricity sizzles. Boom.)
REGISTRY: Warning. Link broken. (slows) Registry is shutting down.
(Powers down.)
MOTHER: Mother is dead. Long live the new Queen.

(Jevvan is crying.)
TIN-MARIE: Jevvan?
JEVVAN: It's you. Oh, Tin-Marie, I thought you were
TIN-MARIE: I was. All packed up in one of those egg things, till someone called my vid-com. You woke me up, Jevvan.
JEVVAN: Me?
TIN-MARIE: You woke me up. Managed to kick my way out.
JEVVAN: But the termites?
TIN-MARIE: All gone, soon as the alarms went off. I headed for the Resolute and got a may-day through to Ganymede.
JEVVAN: So they're coming. Rescue ships.
TIN-MARIE: We're the only two awake. Us and a couple of thou eggs. Hell knows how we wake them all.
JEVVAN: Easy, if the lines are still working. Well, everyone's got a comm, right?

TIN-MARIE: What are you doing?

JEVVAN: Blanket call.

(Vid-coms start ringing all over the place.)

JEVVAN: See? Everyone's got a comm.

(Eggs cracking.)

TIN-MARIE: Scrumming hell, you did it! You woke up the world, Jevvan. What's that?

JEVVAN: The sky.

(The swarm.)

MOTHER: (weak) Listen to them, out there. Have they found our successor yet? Our Mother the Fifth. Will time be kinder to her?

DOCTOR: Time? You mean that dreadful wingèd chariot hurrying near? But it never hurries. Oh no, it trundles. Just when you think you're ahead, crunch, it sneaks up behind and mows you down, or overtakes in the slow lane.

MOTHER: Hush now, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And then I saw your catalogue. All those nice, straight-forward, uncomplicated jobs, and I thought – I could do that. I've had enough of being me. For sale, one Tardis, vintage condition. Any offers.

MOTHER: Not you, Doctor. You cannot deny them.

DOCTOR: Them? Who are they?

MOTHER: All those bidders. Fortunate you are to be in such demand.

DOCTOR: You're right, of course. It'll never happen. Fat chance. There's too much to do. The universe is too busy. I can hardly deny my admirers, can I? Our Mother? Oh, so you've let go at last.

TANNOY: (nervous man) Er, attention. Carrier now boarding at gate 5. Don't push, folks. There's room for all of you.

TIN-MARIE: Jevvan? Better get on board. No point in waiting.

JEVVAN: Gerium, Loz, the Doctor.

TIN-MARIE: I know.

JEVVAN: Flying's stopped though. The termites, I mean.

TIN-MARIE: Ganymede Control said the weirdest thing. The First Encounter Bureau on Earth was contacted about this place, and the message was from bloody Laxton, sent days ago.

DOCTOR: He had a lot of foresight did Teddy Sergeivitch.

JEVVAN: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Oh yes. The Bureau is obliged to take notice and open dialogue. If the next Queen will listen.

TIN-MARIE: Weird. So, I'll just... don't be long, Jevvan.

JEVVAN: How did you get here?

DOCTOR: It flies too, you see. Short jumps, long jumps. You'll see on the way home. Any other luggage?

JEVVAN: Home?

DOCTOR: Isn't that where you're going?

JEVVAN: Yeah, but er...

DOCTOR: Well, I'll have you back in time for your birthday.

JEVVAN: Doesn't take a year to get to Earth.

DOCTOR: The birthday you just missed. Home in a twinkling. Before a twinkling can even start.

JEVVAN: No.

DOCTOR: What?

JEVVAN: Not like that. Don't just assume.

DOCTOR: Scenic destinations, wine-dark skies, forests of smoke.

JEVVAN: Bet you say that to everyone.

DOCTOR: I try to vary it.

JEVVAN: No, I'm sorry. I want to see the bits in between, out the window. No point in travelling if I don't see where I'm going.

DOCTOR: Ah.

JEVVAN: So thanks, Doctor, but no thanks.

DOCTOR: A person with ambition. Where's Gerium?

JEVVAN: Better go. Sorry. See you.

DOCTOR: I hope so. (sighs) Never mind, Doctor, for the moment.

(Hangar doors open and close.)

DOCTOR: Time to get off. (Tardis door opens.) Nothing to share. Playing solitaire.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Poetry. I can do that.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Or take up the trombone. Hmm.